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"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Novelized by
FREDERIC R. TOOMBS
From the Great
Play by
PAUL ARMSTRONG

CHAPTER VIII.

Little knowing of the serious conspiracy that was forming but a few yards away behind the thick velvet curtains, Valentine gave verbal and mental battle to the detective. Already he was beginning to see that the way of the transgressor was hard not only while he was in the legal toils, but also after he became free and supposedly in a position to build a new life if he so desired. But Jimmy Valentine was only at the beginning of a knowledge of the conditions and trials and setbacks he must face, for so long as men make laws and administer them so long will the guilty and the innocent as well suffer and endure, sometimes justly and sometimes unjustly. This also is a law of life.

Valentine went on to insist that he didn't know where Avery was, hadn't seen him since his release from Sing

"THAT'S A LIE! YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS."

Sing, was glad of it, didn't care where he was and didn't purpose to care. Of this he was absolutely sure.

"Well," stated Doyle, "he held up a citizen just three days after he got out, and I want him."

"And I'm to tell you where he is and you will send him up for highway robbery?" questioned Valentine.

"The man he stuck up may die."

"And you expect me to hunt him up and deliver him to you?"

"And you are going to. That's the odd part of it. And possibly I'll make an eyewitness out of you."

"It would be odd if I sent Avery away for life. It would indeed!"

"Then I'll slough you for that Springfield job." Doyle rose abruptly.

"Then you may as well do it now," said the other defiantly.

"No hurry. I've got a little work on the case yet, and I'll find you when I want you." Doyle's grin showed his teeth.

"I'm not going to run away."

"Look here, Valentine, this Avery isn't worth this. He's as wrong as ever lived. He'll cross you or any one else. I should think when a bum resorts to blackjacking an old man that would put him out of your class."

"I don't know where he is. I don't know that he did blackjack anybody, and I wouldn't know him if I saw him."

"That's your spiel, eh?"

"That's the truth." Valentine rose as though to end the distasteful interview.

"That's a lie! You know where he is better than any one. If you don't Red does, and I want him. One month to turn him up, and if you don't I go after you, and if I go after you I get you."

"Well, get me."

"I will. It will take a little time—a year, perhaps ten—but as long as we're both alive I'm after you. Good day." Doyle strode angrily away.

As the broad shouldered form of the "headquarters man" disappeared Valentine stood gazing reflectively after him. His back was turned to the portieres. Bill Avery, seeing his chance crept stealthily out. In his right hand gleamed the barrel and the chamber of his 38 bulldog. He felt secure. He had the versatile Red to aid in the necessary getaway. The hotel corridors were opportunely deserted and the noise of the elevator and of the street cars outside would dull the sound of the bulldog's bark.

Another step; he raised the weapon; his forefinger began to tighten on the trigger. But Valentine's keen ear caught the sound of the creak of Avery's stiffening elbow joint as it straightened. Wheeling with his old time alacrity, the ex-convict saw his danger, struck down the firearm with his powerful left hand and wrested it from his would be assailant's grasp He broke the weapon open and saw that all the chambers were loaded. Snapping it shut, he thrust it into his pocket and hurled the now cringing Avery from him to the floor.

"You fool!" sneered Valentine. "Get up and be a man."

The former prison mate of his conqueror stiffly regained his feet.

"I'll kill him—I'll kill him yet!" he exclaimed to Red, who had followed him from behind the curtain.

"Too bad you didn't get him," growled Red disgustedly.

Valentine, however, cut short their talk by warning them of their loud tones. At his pronouncement that they were both crazy Red reminded him of what he had told him about the detectives and their stool pigeons.

"It was a lie, too," put in Avery. "I never stuck that old man up. I'm talking on the level."

"I know Doyle was lying," answered Valentine reassuringly. "It's a big game we're up against."

Red agreed with the speaker.

"Well, now, maybe you believe that it ain't so easy to turn square. Listen, Jimmy. Avery and me have got a job worked out. We know every twist and turn of the point. I've prowled it twice. We were going to use the soup." He showed a bottle. "See, old nitroglycerin, but we heard you were going to be sprung, and we waited. You can grab that gopher tonight, and you can bet with us outside no one can get to you.

Red and Avery eyed him anxiously, expectantly.

"I've opened my last safe, Red," was the calm rejoinder.

"So you're going to work, eh, with a copper at your heels?" snarled Red.

"I'm going to work, and I won't be a stool pigeon."

"You're going to give up the game, a graft like you got—you, with your"—

"I'm done."

"Well, what in heaven's name— I got it—it's a woman!"

"I have met a decent girl, Red, the kind I knew as a boy—my sister's kind. It was she who got me out of that hole at Sing Sing, and I have promised myself"—

"You don't think she or her folks would stand for you, do you?"

"If I was on the level she just might."

"With a copper telling lies about you to her folks unless you delivered me or Red?" interpolated old Avery.

"Jimmy, for God's sake don't go against that straight girl game. It'll only break your heart, then what?" asked Red earnestly.

The released prisoner was thoughtful a moment.

"I've thought it out," he finally said "She'll be back any minute, and I'm going her way, boys. Yes, and if I do there's a chance that I may win her some day and be able to take her to my old home and my father and mother, who haven't heard of me for years. They didn't seem quite to understand me when I was a lad, boys, nor I them, but I can see now that they meant all right by me. I've learned it all from this girl, though she's almost a complete stranger to me"—

Valentine's voice began to waver, and he inclined his face to one side to hide the evidences of the emotion that threatened to overwhelm him.

To Red Flanagan and Bill Avery the situation was a trying one, desperate indeed. One of them was all too young and inexperienced to execute alone the delicate, sure, nerve racking "inside" job of a safe looting sortie, the other was too old and feeble for anything but a berth as "outside" man, to detect approaching danger and give due warning thereof. They absolutely required the partnership of Jimmy Valentine.

Yet here was Valentine, as Avery described him in a reproachful whisper to Red: "Here he is, crazy stuck on a skirt, an' him th' only man in America as can open a twelve bolt safe by th' sense o' touch. Ain't it th' limit fer a geni-oss like him to waste his talents an' go on the square?"

Valentine faced his friends of the past.

"When did you see her—the girl?" queried Red Flanagan of him.

"Right here today." Jimmy Valentine's face brightened as he thought of her. "Met her father too. She said she would be back."

"And you think she'll come?" sneered Red. "Why, we been here a half hour, and it's a cinch Doyle has reached her father."

HE WRESTED THE WEAPON FROM AVERY.

Valentine gave a sudden start. Red inwardly rejoiced as he saw that his shot had taken effect.

"Doyle!" gasped the released convict. "I wonder if he"—

"You can bet on it," put in Avery.

"A little sympathy, Jimmy, that's all," suggested Red. "She just came to cheer you on the right path. Ain't you on?"

"Don't say that, Red. Don't you say that."

"It's a cinch Doyle has queered the play," went on Avery.

Valentine moved angrily at the speaker.

"It wasn't a play, Avery. I'll strangle you if you speak that way again."

Red was again scornful and said:

"Oh, rot! They're playing you, and you don't see it. And for being spoken nice to you're going to blow the softest graft a man ever had."

"I know what I'm doing," insisted Valentine, who began walking nervously up and down the floor.

"Yes, you do. If you had a chance—I'd stick, and you know it, don't you?"

"I don't know anything about it."

Avery, catching a significant glance from Red, continued the shrewd attempt to cause Valentine to lose faith in Rose Lane.

"Did the girl wear pink roses," he said excitedly, "and was the guy with her gray haired and carried a gold headed cane?"

"Yes."

"When you was talking to Doyle here and we was planted there"—he indicated the portieres—"I saw them pass here going toward the depot."

Valentine stopped short in his nervous pacing. He glared in astonishment at the old thief, who stood at one side of the room gripping the rim of a slouch hat, one that could be pulled down over the eyes, to partially conceal the face when the wearer was in a public place.

"They went to the station," Valentine gasped. "Then—they—are—not—coming—to—to"—

Red saw the impression Avery's words had made on his former pal. He saw that possibly very little would now be needed to cause No. 1289 to return to the old ways with the old friends.

"Surest thing you know, Jimmy," he announced. "I saw them too. She had on a shimmery dress with pink flowers in her bonnet, and she looked perfectly happy, too, like she was glad to get away from this town."

(To be Continued).

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Instances From History Show They Were Frequently Remarkable Women.

The mothers of men of genius have been frequently somewhat remarkable women, more remarkable than the fathers. Caesar's mother was "a strict and stately lady of the old school, uninfected by the cosmopolitan laxity of her day." Consequently, though the Caesars were wealthy, their household was "simple and severe." Its greatest son "was always passionately devoted to his mother, who shared his house up to the time of her death," when he was 46 years old. "Her influence upon him was doubtless great and beneficial."

Charlemagne's mother also was "a matron of the old school" and made her mark visibly upon the nature of her son, who "grossly deteriorated" after her death in his forty-second year.

Cromwell's mother was "strong, homely and keen" of face, "with a firm mouth and penetrating eyes, a womanly goodness and peacefulness of expression." Cromwell "thought more of her than of any other woman, more than of his wife." She survived her husband thirty-seven years, remaining throughout her life to her ninetieth year by her son's side, "was lodged by him in Whitehall palace and royally interred in the abbey."

The mother of William the Silent, who had seventeen children, five by a husband previous to William's father, was devout and affectionate, "endured a long life of calamity and bereavement with heroic serenity and courage" and died after an honorable career, aged 77.

Napoleon attributed "his elevation to his mother's training, laying down the maxim that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on the mother." The only gift which he seems to have received from his father was a tendency to cancer.

Mozart, Goethe, Scott, Liebnitz, Augustine, Gregory and Francis d'Assisi, all these had mothers of some note and fathers of less—Augustine's father was "an unprincipled scamp."

It is quaint to discover that among the ancestors of Goethe—"the most interesting though not the greatest man that ever lived"—there were three tailors. His mother was 18, his father 39, when he was born. Mozart, who died of tubercular nephritis—"a tubercular or strenuous taint is in some way a favoring condition of certain types of aesthetic and intellectual capacity"—had a lively but delicate mother. The mother of Yiebnitz was a peacemaker, like her son.

Augustine's mother "was often beaten by her husband and saw visions and had a dialectical subtlety. that is reflected in the immortal "Confessions," with much of the looseness of the saint's own earlier days.

Gregory's mother was a veritable saint. From his mother Francis d'Assisi inherited "his delicate body, gracious nature, courteous manners, intuitive reverence and dainty fastidiousness."

Martin Luther took after his mother, who, although she had a reputation for mildness whipped him till the blood came for stealing a nut! Renan mentally was a true son of his Gascon mother—a small tradesman's daughter—although tinged by his father's excessive sensibility, and Emerson was two-thirds his mother, albeit from his father he inherited a trace of eccentricity.—Manchester Guardian.

A Motion, But No Second.

President Johnson, the successor of Lincoln, was an accomplished orator. He had a calm, assured way of talking which gave the most startling remarks authority. In his valuable book of reminiscences, "Through Five Administrations," William H. Crook gives a story which illustrates both the magnetic quality of the man and his fearlessness.

It was in the early days of the struggle in Tennessee, when he was hated by the whole secession element. He was to address a meeting in the town hall. He had been informed on good authority that half a dozen men were ready to shoot him as soon as he appeared before the audience.

When he appeared on the platform he advanced to the speakers' stand. Something held the crowd to silence while he deliberately pulled a pistol out of his pocket. He laid it on the table while a spellbound crowd hung on his movements. Then at last he spoke.

"I understand," he said, in his placid way, "that the first business before the meeting is to shoot me. I move that the meeting proceed to business."

During the few minutes that he scanned the audience there was breathless silence. At last, when no one moved, he began his address in rather a disappointed manner.

☞ The Flint (Mich.) school board has secured a ninety-nine year lease of a site for a new school building at the rate of one clover blossom a year.

Miscellaneous Reading.

AS TILLMAN SEE IT.

Position of Trustee Not "Office" Under the Constitution.

Washington, February 14.—Holding that the meaning of the word "office" where it occurs in the constitution of South Carolina does not embrace that of trustee of a college, and that therefore he is within both the letter and the spirit of the law in holding the office of senator while at the same time trustee of Winthrop and Clemson colleges, Senator Tillman today explained his views of the situation for the State.

Senator Tillman says he assisted in framing the section of the constitution regarding the right to hold two offices at once and that the meaning of the term "office" was discussed at the time with the result that it was held to be not incompatible to hold office and be a college trustee at the same time. He insists that it would have been absurd for him to frame any part of the constitution which would legislate him out of the trusteeship of a college he loved so well and had done so much for.

"Inasmuch as Gov. Blease in a special message regarding the holding of two offices has made specific mention of me as one of the law-breakers," said Senator Tillman, "I feel willing to make public my position. Otherwise I would have nothing to say until the court passed upon it, as suggested by the joint committee of the legislature.

"The whole question hinges on the interpretation that shall be placed upon the word 'office.' The language in article 2, section 2, of the constitution is plain and simple enough: 'But no person shall hold two offices of honor or profit at the same time.' There is a special exception in the case of notaries public and of militia officers.

"Article 3, section 24, of the constitution is more explicit:

"'No person shall be eligible to a seat in the general assembly while he holds any office or position of profit or trust under this state, the United States of America, or any of them or under any other power, except officers in the militia or notaries public.'

"I was a member of the constitutional convention and was chairman of the committee which framed the second article, that dealing with suffrage. I remember very well that the question of what constituted an office was discussed in the convention as I was then both a trustee of Winthrop and of Clemson. While there was no vote, the consensus of opinion and the adoption of the article as we had reported it seemed to me to warrant the belief, which I then held and still hold, that the meaning of the word 'office' did not embrace that of trustee of a college.

"This view is sustained by the knowledge that the chairmen of the committees on education in both the house and senate are ex-officio trustees of Winthrop and the University of South Carolina, while the chairman of the committee on military is an ex-officio trustee of the Citadel.

"The idea to my mind is absurd that as a member of the constitutional convention I would legislate myself out of a position as trustee for a college which I had done so much for and which I loved so well. I do not know what the opinion of the supreme court will be, and if it is decided that I am not legally entitled to sit on the board of trustees for Winthrop, I shall cheerfully get off it. I have given much of my time and study toward advancing the interests of that college and would hate to sever my connection with it.

"The legislature elected me such trustee with the full knowledge that I am a United States senator. If there were no lawyers in that body competent to discover that I was not eligible, it is a sad commentary on our lawmakers. The legislature has seemed all along to take the view which I hold to be the correct one for it has uniformly elected from its membership trustees both of Clemson and Winthrop.

"As for my position as senator disqualifying me from acting as trustee for Winthrop, it must be remembered that the office of senator is not a state office, but a national one and was created by the constitution of the United States. It is filled by the state and that is all.

"I was a life trustee of Clemson when I was elected senator and had accepted the place under Mr. Clemson's will even before I was elected governor. I would not consciously act contrary to the law of my own state, and I do not think I have done so. The two positions I hold are not offices under the state constitution as I understand the meaning of the word."—Columbia State.

THE ART OF CURVE PITCHING.

It First Became a Factor In Baseball About the Season of 1875.

The old baseball controversy over the time of the appearance of curved pitching and the credit for its invention has been revived by the statement of John Bigelow that he pitched a curved ball away back in the thirties. In his "Retrospections of an Active Life" Mr. Bigelow says:

"I came to be elected pitcher at baseball because I had acquired a knack of throwing the ball so that it would fall down by the side of the bat, instead of coming straight at it, and the batter would pretty invariably miss it, and if caught by the catcher would 'put him out' as the game was then played."

We don't know anything about this curved ball pitched so long ago by Mr. Bigelow, except that from his description it was apparently a deadly drop and that he had it under perfect control. But we have a very strong feeling that curved pitching first became a factor in the sport of baseball about the centennial year.

Nor have we any exact knowledge concerning the origin of curved pitching. Our impression has always been that it was first put into use in the east in the fall of 1875. Anyway, if the art was known in the days of Mr. Bigelow's youth, it was rediscovered in 1875 or 1876. And here are the recollections of a man born and brought up in Chicago who began his baseball career with "one old cat" in a vacant lot:

At the age of 17 this young man entered a college in Vermont in the fall of 1876. He played a fair game of ball for an amateur. And he had never heard of such a thing as curved pitching.

Upon his arrival at college this young Chicagoan naturally hunted up the baseball enthusiasts and found them in a state of wild excitement. The pitcher of the college team had learned during the summer to pitch a curved ball!

The Chicagoan was from Missouri on that proposition. He could pitch a little himself—and he had to be shown.

He was shown. Pitcher, batter and catcher lined up on the campus diamond. The plate was carefully dusted off. The youth from Chicago got behind the plate. "Play ball!" he remarked.

The pitcher, a Vermont boy, grinned, screwed his fingers around the ball and slammed it toward the plate. In those days, be it remembered, all pitching was underhand, the rule being that the hand must be below the hip in delivering the ball. In this pitcher's delivery there was nothing unusual to be noted except a decided twist of the wrist as the ball left his hand.

The first impression of the Chicagoan was that the ball would not come near the plate—that it would even pass behind the batter. But the ball described so wide a curve that it finally passed outside of the plate, and even beyond the end of the bat in the batter's hands.

It was simply and solely a wide outcurve. It was gradual and even, with no sudden break in it. And the pitcher had no other curve.

A few days later occurred an interesting and amusing scene which was duplicated about the same time on many a college campus. The news of the curved ball got to the professor of mathematics—who was skeptical, to say the least. So the dignified and skeptical professor was escorted to the diamond and tall stakes were set up and the pitcher proceeded to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the man of mathematics.

In the spring of 1877 the Chicago youth returned for the summer vacation with a very fair, wide, slow outcurve to show as the result of his close attention to his text books. Did that same wide, slow outcurve create a sensation on the vacant lot ball grounds of the south side? It did. It did.

Everybody had to be shown. And everybody was. One champion of the prairie, who said there could be no such thing and boasted that he would knock the ball into the lake, struck out ingloriously to such shouts of hilarious laughter that he flung down his bat and went home.

All of which would seem to show that the college pitcher picked up his one single curve in the summer of 1876 and that even as late as the summer of 1877 a curved ball in pitching was new in Chicago. Other curves were quickly mastered and the end of the straight ball dated from the season of 1877.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Race With a Tiger.

M. Rosny, a French writer, traveler and sportsman, once enjoyed a race with a tiger. It was in the Malay Peninsula that M. Rosny had this adventure. When, one morning, he caught sight of a bicycle standing in a plantation shed he could not resist the temptation of taking a ride, in view of the fact that he had not had a spin on a wheel since leaving France. He rode for about six miles through the rice and coffee fields, and then found himself in the heart of a forest. As he was enjoying the beauty of the place there came to his ears the sound of crunching branches, and he very soon realized that something massive but light-footed was approaching. Thirty yards from where he was a tiger had emerged from the jungle. At the time of the beast's appearance Rosny was dismounted and seated on the ground.

He dared not move a finger. To reach his wheel he must get to the road. This was impossible without attracting the attention of the beast, and in two leaps the tiger would be upon the Frenchman.

With great nonchalance the tiger at length turned toward the depths of the forest. Then, unable to endure this situation longer, Rosny clambered to his feet, scampered over the intervening obstacles, caught the bicycle, and ran alongside, his hands on the handle-bar.

In a flash, as he was mounting, he caught sight of the big tiger crouching for a spring. He heard the beast at the first bound land not far behind him. In the brief space between the first and second bounds the Frenchman got himself well started and balanced for the struggle.

His fourth bound brought the tiger very near. The next time the Frenchman felt the wind of his fall. A second later his shoulder or paw touched the tire and made the rider swerve. Then Rosny lost one pedal, then both. He regained them both, but on account of the delay a claw once more grazed the rear tire.

At this instant the participants in this terrible race came to a very narrow bridge—two boards side by side over an irrigation canal. The bicycle went over it as true as an arrow. The passage must have slightly retarded the tiger, for, although the Frenchman dared not look round, he felt the beast to be further off.

They were now between [illegible] fields of bananas. A small tree [illegible] been cut and thrown on the road, so that it completely barred the way. There was nothing to do but to try to take it at top speed. The Frenchman pedalled, and, although nearly thrown over by the shock of crossing the obstacle, he succeeded in recovering his balance, and going on, on, until he reached a smart decline, down which he rolled like a cannon ball. At a turning of the road the plantation buildings came into view.

The Frenchman could not say when the tiger abandoned the race. When the rider shot into the group of his friends his first instinct was to look around in the expectation of finding the beast at his heels, ready to slay all.—Harper's Weekly.

Exit the Plough Horse.—Within ten years approximately 8,000,000 acres of farm land in the United States and western Canada have been taken away from the horse and turned over to the steam and fuel engine to be ploughed.

The farmers of Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and other parts of the corn belt are beginning to follow the example set by the owners of larger farms in the newer prairie sections. The improvements made within the last few years in the smaller traction engine using gasoline or oil have also solved many of the problems presented in the "moist" district of soft soils and small farms which the old and larger steam traction engines could not meet.—National Magazine.

GENERAL LEE CHRISTMAS.

Picturesque Career of American Soldier of Fortune.

Bananas started General Lee Christmas, former American locomotive engineer and now the most picturesque soldier of fortune in the world, on his career as chief assistant troublemaker in Central America.

Today he is commander-in-chief of the rebel army in Honduras, at the head of the force which is reported to have captured Ceiba, Wednesday.

Years ago Lee proudly piloted his engine out of New Orleans on the Illinois Central hauling the fast express banana train to northern climes. His one ambition then was to get his hand on the throttle of an eight-driven passenger locomotive.

Suddenly the thread suspending the unseen ax over Lee's official neck was deftly nipped. He was color blind and they fired him.

He loafed around New Orleans harbor for a while. The aroma of bananas caught his nostrils. A steamer from which a cargo of bananas had just been unloaded was preparing to sail. Lee walked aboard and didn't step ashore when the steamer backed away from the wharf.

"Give me a ticket for any old place," said Lee when the purser tapped him on the shoulder; and so they landed him at Puerto Cortez, Honduras.

A fresh revolution had just been started down there by the "outs," who happened to be Manuel Bonilla's henchmen, just then. Both sides needed recruits, but Manuel saw Christmas first and made him a general—just like that!

At that time Policarpo Bonilla—not related to the other Bonilla—was in the president's palace at Tegucigalpa, the capital. Both of the Bonillas had been president and ex-president in turn several times. When one was out he was busy starting another revolution to get "in" again. Any setting sun which saw no new revolution begun wasn't worth talking about.

Well, Lee started revoluting in good earnest. He showed the Hondurans a few tricks in fighting they had never dreamed of. Policarpo was divorced from the president's palace and allowed to ruminate in a four-by-four cell in the village lockup for awhile.

Besides being general in the army, Christmas was now made chief of police, too, and a period of quiet set in. But the treasury ran short of funds, and he got a job on the railroad. This he threw up when the "outs" tried to push Manuel Bonilla off the throne.

Christmas might have won again but the night before the decisive battle one of his fellow generals got so drunk that he couldn't remember which side he was fighting for, and sent the plans of the next day's attack to the wrong Bonilla.

Christmas was captured and sent to the cell occupied by one or the other of the Bonillas for several years. Manuel had luckily escaped with the nation's bankbook into Salvador.

A few mornings later Lee was led out into the street before a line of Policarpo's soldiers. The firing squad raised their guns, aimed at a white paper pinned over Lee's heart and Christmas was saying goodby to himself when the commanding officer wishing to prolong the entertainment, asked the American adventurer if he had anything to say before he died.

"Yes," he replied; "I do not want my body buried. I want it to remain on top of the ground."

A Honduran's curiosity is easily aroused.

"Why?" everybody cried at once.

"Because," he yelled back, "I want the buzzards to eat me and then scatter my remains all over every one of you."

Such an insult had never been handed out in Central America before. It so enraged them that they decided to retaliate with some strange and awful punishment.

While they wrangled and quarreled among themselves over various forms of refined and unrefined death torture, Christmas unbound his hands, slipped back of the prison and hotfooted it to the frontier.

Soon afterwards he rode into the capital again at the head of another successful revolution and again placed Manuel in the palace. During a lull in Honduras, Christmas kept his hand in training in other Central American countries.

When Manuel was again chased out of the country by Policarpo and Zelaya of Nicaragua, and the present executive, Miguel R. Davila, ushered into the palace, Christmas returned to the United States. Going to Memphis, his home town, he found that his wife had obtained a divorce and remarried, this time to a plain, unmilitary ununiformed carpenter, who, she said, would stand hitched at home.

But Christmas didn't lose interest in Central America affairs. He joined the large bunch of exiles in New Orleans and everybody began planning another revolution for their beloved sweet land of liberty, Honduras. When the Hornet was purchased in the United States and sailed for Central America, she carried Christmas. On a friendly coast he dropped ashore, joined Manuel Bonilla and took command of Bonilla's army.

OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Famous Quack Remedy Used Since Beginning of Christian Era.

Patent medicine older than Christianity, and which enjoyed a great reputation as late as 1750, was called Orvietan. The word charlatan originated in connection with the sale of this nostrum.

"Of all historic fakes," says one writer, "the most triumphant was undoubtedly orvietan. This word, although mentioned in Scott's 'Kenilworth,' does not appear in many dictionaries, even medical. The remedy has been forgotten, so to speak, under the name of Venice treacle.

"From the time of Nero till late in the eighteenth century, orvietan was the great panacea, curing everything and being the sovereign antidote to all poisons, including snake venom. Prominent among the 60 odd ingredients was a powdered flesh of vipers. Known for centuries under the name of Theriaca, or mithradote, one Lupi, a Tuscan, managed to secure a practical monopoly for his formula, which he named after his native town, Orvieto. Several of his followers managed to secure, about 1628, the sole right to sell orvietan throughout the papal states, and a violation of this priceless monopoly was punished not only by a fine of 1,000 ducats, but by excommunication.

"A cart-tail physician, Desiderio Descombes, despite the papal protection of Lupi, managed to build up an enormous patronage for his brand of orvietan. It is to Descombes that we owe the word charlatan. This word is usually derived from the Italian ciarlare, to chatter, but it seems unlikely that Descombes would care to boast of his oratorical prowess, although it was the sole secret of his prestige.

"It has been surmised that he derived his pet title from scarlatto, in reference to the brilliant coat he wore when mounted upon his little stage on the Pont Neuf at Paris. Something really striking in vesture was necessary, for the Pont Neuf was crowded from end to end with quacks and mountebanks of every description.

"It is consoling to learn that although Descombes obtained royal approbation and a fee from the queen of 150 crowns, he was unable to cajole the Paris facuity of medicine into an indorsement of his methods. The royal approval, however, sufficed to win him a fortune. He finally died of the plague, despite his possession of what should have been a sufficient quantity of orvietan to safeguard him from all possible contagion.

"Orvietan finally lost its vogue about 1750, although it is said to be still used in Normandy by a low class of veterinary practitioners. The famous quack remedy is older than Christianity, for it was known long before Galen, who published a formula of his own, containing 64 ingredients.

The last trace of it existed in the United States under the name of Confectio Democratis, which old practitioners will recall as an important ingredient of the original Warburg's Tincture. The Confectio was made of turpentine, acacia, treacle, balm of Gilead, Russian castor, cinnamon, myrrh, and some 60 other ingredients, making a mixture very much like orvietan, except that the flesh of the vipers was replaced by the dried bellies of skunks, a doubtful improvement from the viewpoint of either therapeutic or aesthetics."—American Medicine.

HEAD HUNTERS SHOCKED.

Impressions London Made on Savage Visitors From the Far East.

An entirely new viewpoint on London and the English was that of the Ainu and Formosan head hunters who recently went over there as sideshow attractions of the Anglo-Japanese exhibition. When the savages returned to Japan bound for their homes in Hokkaido and Formosa a Japanese paper gleaned some interesting impressions from them.

The Ainu are the Indians of Japan, the primitive race driven northward by successive invasions of the ancient Japanese hosts from the mainland of Asia until now they live on reservations in the northernmost island of the Japanese group, not at all influenced by the quick civilization which has been effected by their conquerors. The Formosan savages are even a more primitive people than the Ainu. Until Japan acquired the island from China and began a systematic opening up of the interior with the aid of rifles the head hunters of the jungle had never come in contact with the outside world.

The Formosan savages told their interviewer in Japan that people had tried to fool them over in London when they said that all of the great buildings there were built by man and that the steam railways were of man's devising. No, it was certain that nobody except some tremendous god could have built these wonders; man was too puny a person to make steel rear itself several hundred feet above the earth or to tearing through the country with the speed of an arrow.

A note of sadness crept into the retrospection of the Formosans when they recalled the fact that once they were taken to a great building where there were long shelves filled with human heads and skulls. Now why was it that when the Japanese prohibited head gathering in Formosa and punished with death any one caught with a head in his possession these English, who called themselves civilized, should be allowed to have countless fine heads in their big house? Was it fair to the Formosans to prohibit their pastime of head hunting yet to allow the custom to exist in such a country as England?

The gentle collectors from Formosa did not think much of the king of England, who received them in audience by special arrangement with the directors of the Japanese exhibit. Even a small chief in Formosa would have a retinue of fifty men, the savages said, whereas this king of England had only four or five men in his house, and even they did not look much like warriors.

The Ainu travelers here put in a word of reprobation. They had seen English men with women walking hand in hand or arm in arm in public places. Were these Englishmen not thoroughly ashamed to be seen thus by others? What kind of civilization was it that allowed a man and a woman to walk hand in hand down a street?

The sad waste of Hyde Park impressed the hairy aborigines from Hokkaido. There in the midst of a great city, where every foot of ground was occupied by a house or a store, were great fields which might have been planted to potatoes, but were simply lying idle. There were no such barren fields in Ainuland.

The Formosan brothers saw only one thing that really roused their envy; that was the modern rifle. It required so little powder to shoot, and it never exploded in the hunter's hands like the old Belgian muskets which traders have been selling surreptitiously to the warlike natives of the camphor island. The Formosans boastfully said that if they were armed with such rifles instead of muskets, blowguns and bows the Japanese army of occupation would never penetrate to the interior of their mountain wilderness.—New York Sun.

☞ The Diamond shoals, off Cape Hatteras, the graveyard of the Atlantic, are to be protected by automatic electric devices. The diaphragms of two large megaphones are to be vibrated by electricity, producing a volume of sound which can be heard for miles.

SOME FREAK LEGISLATION.

Lawmakers With Weird Bills For Regulating Human Affairs.

If all the freak legislation introduced by legislators throughout the United States were passed and became laws what a funny country this would become; Indiana has furnished one of the most recent samples. It is a bill requiring every person wishing to take a drink to take out a license.

Representative Colvert of Benton county, Indiana, has prepared the bill. "We have personal licenses to hunt and fish and do other things and follow out certain occupations," said Colvert, "so why not a license to drink? It would be a source of heavy revenue to the counties, and all money derived from the sale of licenses could be turned over to the educational fund. Licenses could be issued in the form of small pocket card permits reading that the holder has been licensed to drink."

From Colorado comes the interesting news that a bill is about to be introduced in the legislature of that state providing that any surgeon who shall perform an operation for appendicitis and hereafter be unable to prove that the appendix was in a diseased condition, shall be guilty of malpractice and punishable under the penal code.

Iowa's contribution is a bill making it unlawful for you to put your feet on your desk—that is, if you happen to be a legislator. A resolution has been introduced in the legislature prohibiting legislators from smoking in chambers and from putting their feet on desks while dictating to feminine committee clerks and stenographers.

That much-abused class, the poor bachelors, being abused once more, this time in New Mexico, where a bill has been introduced in the New Mexico legislature providing for the classification of bachelors and widowers and the levying of a tax against them. Bachelors between the ages of 25 and 45 are to pay $10 annual tax.

As for Texas, not content with making drastic prohibition laws which forbid you from taking a drink of your own whisky out of your own flask on a railroad train, or in sight of a residence, the legislature is now seriously considering the enactment of a law to put you in jail if you ever dare to use bad language to the telephone receiver. A bill introduced in the Texas legislature by Representative Vaughan making it a criminal offense to swear over the telephone has already been reported favorably from the house committee on criminal jurisprudence.

Of course everybody knows about Nebraska's famous sheet bill. Representative Link introduced it. It is a measure to compel hotel proprietors to furnish bed sheets nine feet in length.

The tongues of the railway station agents in Missouri may be loosened if a bill introduced into the legislature of that state a few days ago by Representative Floyd Tuggle of Gallatin, is passed. The bill provides a fine of $25 to $50 for any agent who refuses to answer questions put by travelers. Tuggle said years of rebuffs by country agents, of whom he had inquired if trains were on time, had aroused in him a lingering longing to one day "get back" at the sphinx who hides behind the wicket.

The state of Washington is catering to its lady voters. Polling places are going to be made very attractive for them. The city council of Seattle started the ball rolling with the introduction of a resoultion prohibiting smoking in polling places at elections. This is the first legislation resulting from the adoption of the woman suffrage amendment to the Washington constitution. It is proposed to make the election booths very pretty with decorations, flowers, easy chairs and polite attendants.

The senate of Oregon has unanimously passed a bill requiring that applicants for marriage licenses be provided with a certificate of good health from a licensed physician.

Kansas and Illinois are after bachelors and married men who pose as bachelors. Representative Cron of Topeka, introduced a bill in the Kansas legislature to tax bachelors over 45 years of age to the tune of $25 a year. State Senator Samuel a Ettelson, of Illinois, favors the passage of a bill to differentiate between married men and bachelors by conferring on bachelors some suitable title that will indicate that they are unmarried, just as "Miss" indicates single blessedness and "Mrs." indicates the married state.

"Let us make it a felony," says Ettelson, "for a married man to use a bachelor's title. The change will be for the good of society. It will be a bulwark for the home. It will protect susceptible unmarried ladies. It will abolish at one blow all the married flirts."

The London county council contributes a ruling requiring school teachers to superintend the washing of children who go to school with dirty hands and dirty faces.

A curious case, not due to freak legislation, but to the law's complexities, came up in Michigan recently. Eugene Rousseau, a resident of Newhall, south of Escanaba, that state, appealed to Judge Judd Yelland, of the Escanaba municipal court, for advice in his predicament.

Under the Michigan laws bears are protected game. On the other hand, there are laws under which parents may be prosecuted if they do not send their children to school.

Rousseau informed the court that two of his children had been chased by bears while on their way home from school and that he himself had been made to sprint by a big black bear.

Not being able to shoot the animals the homesteader was in a quandary whether to break one law by not sending his children to school or to break the other law by going out and shooting bears and wolves so that his children could go to school without fear of being scared out of their wits by prowling wild animals.

Judge Yelland informed Rousseau that the protection of bears ended last November 1 for the season, and that he could go out and shoot as many as he cared to if he felt that in doing so he was insuring the future safety of his children.—New York World.

☞ "Here are a lot of suggestions from outsiders as to how to run this newspaper. See that they are carried out." "Yes, sir," said the office-boy, and, putting them all in a waste-paper basket, promptly carried them out.—Judge.